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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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EARNING A LIVELIHOOD.

"Rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."—EPH. IV: 28

This is the pattern of a reformed life. It is a direction of the apostle Paul. It would seem as if there had been persons who had obtained their livelihood without earning it. Indeed, it is more than intimated. The language used is suspicious of sleight of hand. "Let him that stole steal no more." It is not necessary to be a thief to steal. There is a great deal of stealing going on in the world which is not done by thieves. There is a great deal of respectable stealing, a great deal of conventional stealing, and a great deal of artistic stealing.

It is a singular circumstance that this *stealing* is put in antithesis to *work*, as if there was a strong implication that some men do not work, and do not get an honest livelihood. Those, whatever may have been their course, who have been obtaining a livelihood in an improper way, are enjoined to obtain it in a proper way. And what is that proper way? *Labor; earn your livelihood; work with your hands that which is good.* More than that, it is not to be done from a sordid nor from a selfish motive; but "that he may have to give to him that needeth"—that he may become a benefactor as well as a self-supporter.

We cannot too often bring the wholesome instruction of Scripture, which is in accordance with the world's whole unbroken experience, to bear upon the minds of the young. While it is well to indoctrinate men in the great principles of religion, and in the principles of ethics, these practical questions ought to be once and again, and frequently, brought up, not simply for the sake of the young, but just as much for the sake of those who have the care of educating the young, and bringing them up.

Every man, then, according to Scripture, should earn his own living. I do not say that it is a misfortune to be born under circumstances in which one finds wealth produced around him al-

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ready; but I do say that of a hundred men born to wealth, and of a hundred men born without it, to ingenuity and to labor, the chances of the laboring hundred are far better for virtue, for manliness, and for happiness, than the chances of the hundred wealthy ones. If men accept the toil of their parents, and make it a foundation on which to begin and build higher, intermitting no industry, and no enterprise, their wealth not only may not be an evil, but it may be a bounty and a blessing to them; but the great danger of coming into wealth, and growing into manhood with all means and appliances surrounding you, is that you yourself will not be developed. Since the world began, men have been incited to growth by the necessities that were around about them. So the necessity of earning a man's living is not a misfortune. They are not the children of fortune, necessarily, who are the children of wealth. They are the children of fortune whose necessity it is to put forth every exertion to develop themselves on every side.

Consider what earning one's livelihood implies; what thought, more and more, as competition makes it necessary; what ingenuity, that is schoolmaster to man himself; what patience; what faith in the future; what promptness; what punctuality; what exactness; what truth; what honesty; what self-denial. Earning a man's livelihood in the competitions of modern society is not so easy a thing. It is that which is to be accomplished by bringing into exercise almost every one of the manly virtues: virtues on the lower plane, to be sure, but virtues none the less. He who is born under such circumstances as compel him to rise early and exert himself in thought, and who endeavors to be careful, to be heedful, to be truthful, to be honest, to be temperate, to be self-deserving —such a man is the child of fortune. He has a schoolmaster in the air, ubiquitous, all around him, before him, and behind him. What are called the limitations of life are, as it were, but the chastisements that the good old schoolmaster of necessity gives to men, by which they are made to think, and to develop themselves.

The necessity of earning one's livelihood is also an effectual guard, in the greatest number of instances, from those temptations which come with leisure; with abundance; with what are called "fortunate circumstances" in life. For, although with labor there may be rudeness, and although with the leisure which labor has there may be gross indulgence, the tendencies are toward such an equilibrium of the animal spirits and the mental condition, that it is easier for a man that works to avoid evil. Not only is he healthier—and health itself is a condition of morality; not only is he happier—and happiness is a co-laborer with virtue; but he is

defended from many of those temptations which come from indolence. Not having enough to do to tire himself out heartily, has been the ruin of many and many a young man. It is a matter of great complaint, often, that one has to rise with the sun, or before it, in winter; that he has no leisure through the day; that he hardly has time to eat; and that at night he is so tired that he is glad to seek his couch and fall asleep. There may be too much of that, to be sure; but too little of it has sent ten thousand young men to the pit. The necessity of a man's earning his own livelihood is one of those great natural, moral educations which is established in nature.

Not only ought men, therefore, to earn their own livelihood, but they ought to labor with their hands when, in the economy of God's providence, that is indicated as the best and most facile way for them. Labor is honorable. The vast bulk of mankind must depend upon labor. The stores on which we live are all hidden in the bosom of nature, and we must draw them thence. Mere exchanging is never going to support the race. It is production that must support the race; and there can be no production without labor, and without, to a large degree, hand-labor.

There is no degradation in labor. If performed with moral qualities, it exalts the character. It directly adds, not only to the product and welfare of society, but to the dignity and happiness of the man that works.

Now, labor has had a hard time in this world. In earlier ages, it was disesteemed as since it has been. It was disesteemed by the Greeks, who owned slaves. It was disesteemed by the Romans, who also owned slaves. You never can have labor reputable when the laborer is owned. The degradation of work has always been the result of holding men in bondage, in captivity. So there has come down to us through the ages the impression that work is a sign of vulgarity; that it betokens inferiority; and therefore men have been ashamed to work.

There have been a few occupations which have been regarded as honorable in all ages. Husbandry has been the subject of the songs of poets since Roman days, and before. The shepherd's life, or the life of the husbandman, has always been esteemed honorable. Virgil and Columella sang these themes with great earnestness. Cincinnatus was highly honored as a man of the plow.

But, for the most part, mechanics have been disesteemed; and men of labor, in almost all nations of the world, have been regarded as below the line of honor. That notable nation from which we have derived more good sense and more examples worthy of follow-

ing than from any or all others—the Jewish nation—stands pre-eminent in this, that it has always honored labor. It always made it reputable to be a laborer. Nay, the Jews, as a part of the education of their children, taught them all some manual craft; so that if their resources failed, there should be no Jewish child who should not be able to do something, or make something.

Now, I hold that, for reasons which I shall mention, little by little the stigma is rolling off from labor; that little by little work is becoming esteemed and honorable. Men are beginning to find that a man can be a workman and yet not a drudge. Drudgery is to be disesteemed. He who toils as an ox toils, may count himself brother to the ox. He who treads the road of industry as an ass does, may consider himself asinine. But no man ought to be a drudge. What is a drudge? It is a man who performs work by the hand, and not by the manhood that is in him. It is a man who does not mingle ingenuity with his work. A man who works, hating his work; a man who works as if he were a machine; or a man who works with his hands, and with nothing else—he drudges. He is not honorable. But a man who works with his hand, controlling his work with his head; a man who works with his hand, and has his conscience behind it; a man who works with his hand, and has a benevolent motive, that he may relieve those who are less fortunate than himself—such a man is honorable, and his labor is full not only of manly quality, but of moral quality as well.

It is not necessary that a man should labor always for self—that degrades any one; but if a man labors with his hands in useful avocations, he is a benefactor of society.

Yet, there is an almost universal disposition among men to avoid manual work because there is in it so little excitement. Men say, "I was born to better things; and I want to do something which will stimulate my understanding, whet my reason, develop my ingenuity. I want to do something that shall bring out the whole man which is in me; but the work, and the only work, which I can perform will not do it. All my faculties do not concentrate in any such work as that."

Blessed is the man whose labor is of such a kind that the work itself gives employment to every part of his nature. There are many kinds of manual labor, in the foundry, in the machine-shop, in the laboratory, in the builder's trade, in those occupations by which the necessities of life are supplied, which furnish a field for the exercise of a man's whole mind. The man at the loom, the man at the palette, the man that moulds the vase, the man who

in a thousand ways is producing objects of art and beauty and use, may find scope for his thought and feeling.

If I were a cabinet-maker, do you suppose I would think of nothing but the thing I was working on? Do you believe I could construct a cradle, and my heart not sing lullaby all the time for the little ones that should bless it, and whose eyes, looking out of it, should be as stars shining up instead of stars shining down, and should speak of immortality as the heavens which declare the glory of God do not know how to do it? Is it necessary that I should saw, or plane, or rub, and do nothing but saw, and plane, and rub? Is there no living power in a man's work? Is there nothing in it to stir up his imagination? If I built a man's house, would the one question be how much I could earn for so much work? If I put my heart in my work, am I not a benefactor? When a man builds a house, if he pleases he can build it for the good of those who are to dwell in it, and leave a blessing in it; but if a man in building a house says to himself, every time he drives a nail, "How can I put a poor one in instead of one that costs more," acting all the time under the influence of the devil of selfishness in his work, I do not marvel that it is drudgery to him. I do not marvel that he finds very little incitement in it. But if a man goes to his work as if he were called of God to do it; if it is taste, and conscience, and benevolence that work in him, then his labor is all the time a school of blessing to him.

There is scope in the poorest mechanical employments for far more manhood than we are accustomed to put into our work; and one thing that I blame men for is that they put so little of the better part of themselves into mechanical employments. You think, because a man is sitting in his study, and pursuing his professional avocations, that he can expand and open up his mind; but there may be as many sordid men among scholars as in any other class. Yet it is possible in any sphere for a man to put into his work the best part of himself.

I have a fancy that the thing which a man does in this life carries something of the man with it. If I go into a house that is tall, gaunt, cold, unsocial, I say to myself, "I cannot tell who were the architect and builder of this house; but of this I am certain, that they are cold, bloodless men, and that they left their stain on their work." If, on the other hand, I go into a house that is cosy and genial, I say, "The man who built this house had a heart, and he left some of it behind him." You can always see something of a man in his work.

People tell us that they can read a man's disposition in his

handwriting. In other words, style carries something of the man. There is a proverb that *style is the man.* When I see a picture, I say, "I know something about the man who painted this picture." There is something about his work that reveals certain of his characteristics to me. And so it is in labor. Everybody leaves something about his work by which, more or less perfectly, you can read his peculiarities.

If, then, you are a stingy, selfish, dishonest man, your work will show it, in its scantiness and lack of certain qualities. But you have the power of putting yourself kindly, and good-naturedly, and heartily into your work, and so of rendering service to somebody, you do not know whom. When a man makes a plate, let him say, "May there be happiness and joy in the heart of him who eats off from this plate." When a man makes a cup, let him say, "May he be blessed who drinks out of this cup." Let a man, as he gives the last touch of beauty to any work of art, say, "May this give pleasure and comfort to somebody." The true cabinet-maker, as he constructs a piece of furniture, thinks of the welfare of the one who is to use it, and works for it, and prays for it. Do not you suppose that if mechanical operations were thus dealt with there would be a difference in work? Would not the various occupations be better served if men were educated in this matter? Now men work sordidly, meanly, selfishly; and I do not wonder that they do not like to work, and that they reluctate.

Then, again, men do not like manual labor because, in the order of forces the worker ranks below the thinker. There is a perverted form of the democratic instinct in our time. Everybody says, "I am as good as the next man. I am just as good a man as any other in this town. All men are free and equal." I beg your pardon; all men are not free, in the first place, in point of fact; and certainly all men are not equal. They are not equal in height, nor in weight, nor in productive capacity, nor in virtue, nor in courage, nor in honor, nor in any other of the qualities which go to make up manhood. "What, then, do you repudiate that maxim?" Yes, in this scope I do. If you say that every man has a right to his freedom, I accept that. If you believe that all men are equal before the law, that is so. A true law is one which makes no distinction of class or rank, and has the same commands and penalties for men of all classes from the top to the bottom. In that sense men are equal severally before the law. But men are not equal in capacity any more than in size, in another sense. And when a man says, "I am as good as the next man," it may be so, and it may not be so. But when the universal man says, "I am as good as everybody else," it is a lie. There are infinite gradations among men in this respect.

Therefore, men are unwilling to take hold of those tasks which they think will sink them (such is the popular opinion of tasks) below men whom they think that they are equal with. Ah! it is how proud you are that usually ranks you in your own esteem. It is not how useful you are. "Let every man think of himself according to the measure of faith," says the apostle. He ranks men according to the higher qualities of true manhood. But men do not rank themselves thus. They rank themselves by the standard of pride, and are unwilling to adopt any vocation which will put them "below" what they call their fellow-men.

Now, there is a natural law in this matter. Men are ranked according to the part of their brain which is the most productive. The grand blunder of the Commune and of the International theories consists in the supposition that men can be made to stand on the same level, whom God did not make of the same force; and that all men can have precisely the same remuneration, who do not contribute the same quantities to society; and that the same values attach to manual work which attach to other work; that the things which are produced by the bottom of the brain should bring as much as those which are produced by the top. The fact is, that the products of the bottom of the brain are cheapest. That is, the most productive part of mankind is the animal part. And the more productive a thing is, the cheaper its products are. As you go up toward the artistically spiritual, the products of the mind have a higher value, whether you measure them by moral forces, and by the impressions which they produce upon men, or by their rarity, and consequent marketable value.

A man shears sheep. There are five hundred men in his township who can do the same work. The wool, when once it is sheared, is sent to be manufactured—scoured, cleaned, dyed, spun. It is to be woven into a fabric; but there are not five hundred men who can weave that wool into an exquisite piece of cloth. The man who can do it has something in him finer than the man who can simply shear the wool. He has more skill. He has more educated faculties. He has more experience, which is only another name for education.

Why, then, is the wool in the form of cloth of so much more value than the wool before it is woven into cloth? Why is the man who weaves paid more than the man who shears? The man that shears is paid a dollar a day, and the man who knows how to weave gets his two and three dollars a day. What makes the difference in their remuneration? It is occasioned by the difference which there is between the part of the brain which one sells, and the part

of the brain which the other sells. The man who sells work with but little thought in it gets a low price, and the man who sells work with a great deal of thought in it, and fine thought at that, gets a higher price.

This law of precedence in prices, though many times it is undeveloped, and hindered by conventions and false usages, is the law which largely prevails in the community. There is a law in society which never can be put down, which cannot be avoided nor evaded, and it is this—the law that as a man's work goes up in quality of mind and brain force, the price and estimation of it go up.

But suppose a man of great culture and great excellence is, in the providence of God, compelled to engage in some ordinary occupation? I once saw, in Ohio, an eminently educated gentleman on the highway breaking stone for a macadamized road. One would naturally say, "Here is a man of notable qualities, of rare excellence, and he gets but his dollar a day for breaking stone; and yet you say that it is the quality of a man, which he puts into his work, and the part of his brain which he brings to it, that determine the price which he receives." My reply to that implied argument is this: that if your work is of such a kind that you can put only a part of yourself into it, the rest of yourself must be developed outside of it in some other way.

A man will be ranked according to that which he shows of himself in his work. A man will be ranked according to the amount which he manifests of thinking power, and moral power, and civil power. And yet, over and above these he may develop power in other directions. A man may be a digger of ditches, a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, and may be ranked low; and yet, at the same time, he may have ability as a speaker, and may have civil excellences, so that if he had the opportunity he would show himself to be vastly more a man than is indicated by his ordinary work, and would be ranked higher.

But the popular impression is this: that there are some places which, if a man stands in them, will make him honorable. If a man is a day-laborer on a farm, or on a railroad, men say of him, "He is only a workman. I do not want my boy to go down where he is to get a livelihood." But many say, "If a man is a mechanic, an inventor, a founder of metal, he is a great deal higher than a workman. I would let my boy go there." Now and then a man, however, who has worked all his life long in the store, in the shop, in the tallow-chandler's factory, or on shipboard, says, "I have always been a hard worker, and I have got something together, and I am going to give my boy advantages which I never had, and make a lawyer or a

doctor or a minister out of him." The impression is that if you can put a boy into this groove or that, the groove carries honor. It is supposed that the position will do more for him than he can do for himself. It is presumed that if a man goes into a liberal profession, he will be a liberal, large, fertile man. This is a false idea, and one which has proved to be a curse to many and many a young man. For, as soon as it is found that there is a pigmy in the profession, he is dropped out of it. There are five hundred thousand blossoms on one apple-tree, and perhaps three hundred of them bear fruit. All the rest drop and go down to the ground, and are good for nothing except for show and beauty. And do you notice how it is with that big tree of law? It blossoms all over every year with candidates. There are a multitude of abortive blossoms, and only here and there one bears fruit. You know how it is with all the liberal professions. Young men go into them because they are considered honorable; but there are comparatively few that stay in them. Men think that the honor belongs to the profession, but the moment they begin to exert themselves in its affairs many of them prove to be shams, and fail, and drop down to the bottom. Men are measured by what they do. If a man has force, he shows it by the results which he produces. The amount of it—whether it is small or great; and the character of it—whether it is high or low—these things are also shown by those results. And there is no such thing as cheating in this matter. You cannot use your higher brain and rank with men who use their lower; and you cannot use your lower brain and rank with men who use their higher. This is a law, not of men but of God.

Moreover, men are reluctant to work with their hands, because they see that wealth is achieved faster, and in larger measure, in other ways. Men are far more anxious to be rich than they are to be good or popular. They say, "You may preach as much as you have a mind to against riches, but I think you yourself would be willing to be rich. I never heard a minister deride wealth, who objected to taking a big salary. I have heard ministers warn people against money; but they never seemed to be afraid of getting it themselves."

All this may be perfectly true; but it only goes to show that ministers are just like anybody else. Men are of "like passions," as the apostle said. They are alike in their persons. They are apt to be just as foolish one as another; just as selfish; just as easily tempted by wealth; just as liable to make mistakes, and to reap the penalties of those mistakes.

But I have never derided wealth. I have never cautioned you

against it. I have rather exhorted you, if in the providence of God you had opened to you opportunities for acquiring wealth, to improve them. I have not only stimulated you to the acquisition of wealth, but I have urged you to employ it, having first consecrated it. I should as soon think of going into my barn-yard and saying "O Alderneys! be careful about giving too much milk," as I should think of saying to men, "Avoid getting rich." I do not care how much milk my cows have. If it is good rich milk, the more there is of it the better I like it. I have never exhorted men not to seek wealth; but I have said to men, "Riches alone do not make manhood, nor produce happiness." A man may be rich and be a fool. A man may be rich and be miserable. Not only is it necessary to know how to make wealth, but it is necessary to know what is seldom learned, how to administer it. There are a hundred men that know how to make wealth where there is one that knows how to use it, or how to enjoy it. There are few who know how to use what they have earned and saved so as to convert it into an instrument of personal culture. The art of making wealth render you manly and noble is seldom known.

See, therefore, what wisdom and insight there was in the words of the apostle, when he said, "Let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." The teaching is, that wealth is to make us bountiful and productive in moral quality.

On the other hand, there is the insane notion that if a man only has money that is enough, no matter what else he lacks. This notion has been the ruin of tens of thousands of young men. Men sacrifice manhood when they sacrifice true integrity in order that they may clutch wealth, and clutch it suddenly. They say, "Only let me have that, and I will run the risk. Give me enough money, and I will take my chance of happiness."

But money cannot make a man happy. I do not care whose hand is flung across the harp; if there be no chords, there will be no music, though the hand were that of Orpheus. I do not care what influences are thrown across your heart; if those qualities which God meant should produce happiness are not there, they cannot make you happy. The conditions of happiness must exist, or there can be no happiness.

Sudden wealth, and great wealth, are the expectation of thousands of men who leave the farm or the shop in the country, and throng the city. The result of these false ideas is reluctance on the part of men to work at manual labor, patiently earning comparatively but little, and living as they go along by the develop-

ment of their manhood and of themselves through their work. These notions produce an unfortunate state of things. They direct attention more and more to the rapid and easy acquisition of wealth; and as society grows more populous, there are multitudes who are begging employment in our cities for whom there is very little employment.

Why, between the seasons of business, I suppose there are thousands of young men—I do not know but five thousand—from twenty to thirty years of age, who have nothing to do. New York is full of them. I do not speak with disrespect of them. I merely say that here are one, two, three, four, five, ten thousand young men thronged together in New York; and I say to them, "Can you do a day's work on a farm?" "No," they say, "I never learned that." "Are you good on ship-board?" No, I have never been to sea; I could not stand that." "Can you work the loom?" "No." "Can you make a shoe?" "No." "Do you know anything about blacksmithing?" "No." "Can you make a chair?" "No." "Are you good as a tailor?" "No, sir." "Can you lath and plaster?" "No." "Can you build a house?" "No.". "Is there anything on God's earth that you can make?" "No, not a thing." "What can you do, then?" "Well, I have been brought up to book-keeping—to merchandizing." That is a respectable business. I do not deride it. I do not blame a young man for going into business. Neither do I blame him—though I pity him—when business is slack, and he is high and dry, because he has been brought up to that, in labor, of which there is a superfluity, and has learned nothing else, and can do nothing else.

This trouble does not exist in New York any more than in Boston, and Cincinnati, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and Chicago, and St. Louis, and Louisville, and San Francisco. In all large cities, the world around, there are multitudes of men that are waiting for an opportunity to earn a living, who do not know how to do a single thing in the nature of productiveness. They cannot produce anything. They would starve on a hundred acres of land, because they do not know how to raise corn. They would be houseless, and freeze to death, if they lived in a lumber-yard, because they do not know how to nail two boards together. They would go barefoot with any amount of leather about them, because they do not know how to make a shoe. They are fools at a blacksmith's forge, on a ship, or in a shop. Give them a pen, and they are quite at home. They can make out an account as an entry clerk. They can perform the duties of a bookkeeper. These are very good things, very necessary things; but there are five times as many men

seeking such employment as there are positions to be filled. On the other hand, there are abundant opportunities for work in departments where they do not want to go. They want something lighter, something easier, something more respectable than manual labor. But is it respectable to be nine months out of twelve without business? I tell you, the contented German, who sits in his little six-by-nine shop, singing Luther's hymns, and sewing and patching shoes, is more respectable than that young man who left his father's farm before he had learned to work on it, and came to New York, where he had two or three good years, and then was thrown out of employment, and has had no regular business since, and goes about asking, "Can you get me a place in the Custom-house?"—fool's paradise! "Can you get me a place in the Navy-yard?" "Is there not a place in Washington that you can get for me?"

I wish you could stay in my house for a month, and hear the applications that I have made to me by people who are out of business to get them employment. You know I have so much influence! About half of New York think I own Washington, and Central Park, and Prospect Park, and the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and the New York Custom-house, and sundry other great inheritances, and feel, if they do not get a position in one of these places when they apply, that it is on account of sheer ugliness on my part! I never say No, or turn away a well-meaning young man from my door, without a sigh. And yet, I think about these things.

Men and brethren, there are not enough young men so brought up that they know how to work. I feel the intimate connection which there is between working and morality. I feel the substantial sinfulness of men who lead indolent and useless lives. I honor men of the shop. I honor men of the soil. I honor men of the sea. And I say to young men's parents, "It is a shame for you to bring up boys and girls without teaching their hands how to earn themselves bread! I do not care if you are worth a million dollars, your child ought to know how to work as much as anybody else's child. Your boy may yet beg his bread, though to-day you can enable him to walk in royal apparel. It is a shame not to bring up a girl to know how to work for her living. It is a shame for a girl to be ashamed to work for a living. It is a shame for a young woman not to be willing to be a chambermaid, a washerwoman, a cook, or anything else that is honest, by which her livelihood may be gained. Every young man should know how to use his hands; how to make his head inventive; how to apply himself so as to gain a living honestly. Versatility of knowledge in matters of

industry is important. A man should know how to earn a livelihood in different ways. And we ought to teach our children so that if one resource fails, there shall be another; and so that if that fails, there shall be another, however slender, and however little productive; so that they shall not be obliged to beg, nor do that which is next door to it, steal.

Parents, I wish my voice could be heard all over the land in this matter. In one thing I would have you Judaize. In one thing I would be glad if you would go back to the age of Moses. The Jews had the proverb—and there was a wholesome marrow in it—"He who brings up his child without a trade, brings him up to steal"; and I say to parents, "If you bring up your children without knowing how to labor with their hands, and how to earn their own living, you bring them up to be beggars or thieves"—and I hardly know that there is any difference between those classes in moral excellence or moral unworth.

If, therefore, there has been a false estimate formed of work among the young; if you have felt that it was the sign of a gentleman not to work, and that you were too gentlemanly to do it, I beg of you, think again of this matter. This is a workingman's nation. Men are pouring in here from every part of the world, with the little of their earnings in their hands; and they are coming to work out their fortunes. The stories tell us about men that go out to *seek* their fortunes; but in America the term *work out* is better.

Do not be ashamed of a farm. Do not be ashamed of a trade. Do not be ashamed of anything but idleness, dependence upon other folks, polite beggary, and knavery. Of these be heartily ashamed.

"What shall I do? I must live!" says the young man. No, it is not necessary that you should live. Bees are good legislators. When a drone gets into the hive, and he will not work, and does not make honey, nor do anything else, the other bees sting him to death. "Well—but—must I commit suicide?" I do not say that; but I say, "Eat the bread you earn, or else do not eat." Some of you may die, and some of you may live; and if you live, begin a better life. Be ashamed to be dependent. Be ashamed of crooked ways. Be ashamed of indirections. Feel that to take care of yourself is honorable. Desire and strive to do it by the highest methods; but be willing to do it by the second highest, or the third, or the fourth, or the fifth, rather than not do it at all. Be willing to do that which you can do, down to the bottom, till you come to be a laborer on the road, or in the canal, rather than beg. Work, *work*,

WORK out, not only your own salvation, but your own subsistence. Work out your living, and so work out your manhood. And bring up your children to do the same thing. And in the generation which is yet to come, let us be done with those miserable eunuchs that have been the product of slavery in our midst. Let us have men of bone, and muscle, and sturdy independence. Let us have men that eat their bread from the sweat of their brow. Let us have men that can lift their hard hands at last in praise and thanksgiving that they are hands that never took a penny that they did not earn.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

ALMIGHTY GOD, before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth, from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. We rejoice in thy immutability, in which thou dost dwell eternally strong, forever young, and good, without variableness or shadow of turning. All that thou hast is for us, here or hereafter. We are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. All the fellowship of the blessed in heaven is for us. All its hopes are with us upon earth, and the fruitions wait for us. We are walking over rude paths and rough ways, at times beset, wandering from the path, and yet brought back again, with toils, with burdens, amid tears—often with sorrows in over-measure. And yet, it is the convoy of thy providence. We believe that thou art in the affairs of men, and dost overrule them. All laws and all things are in thy hands; and thou art employing them; and the ways, thou thyself dost know, though we know them not; and all is for those who are thy children, in whom thou art developing the immortal life, and whom thou art preparing by thy patience and love for that life beyond the grave where the Spirit dwells. To thy care, paternal, to thy love, ineffable, to thy wisdom, transcending all bounty of human knowledge, we commit ourselves. Lord God, we would be thine. Be thou our Father. Make us obedient to thy will. Work in us to will and to do thy pleasure.

We pray that as we go from day to day in life, it may not seem as though we were going from the paradise of youth to the desert of old age. May it seem, rather, as if we were going from the times of inexperience, from the callow days of our life, toward the realm of wisdom, and power, and attainment in the life to come. Grant that we may not feel, as sense after sense weakens, as we perceive the cords of this tabernacle loosening, that we are wending our way to the houseless land. We have a house not builded with hands, eternal in the heavens. We have friends upon whom hath rested long the ripening light of the heavenly land. How many of us have divided our households! How many of our children are with God; how many that have taught us; how many that have companioned with us on the way; how many whose absence we mourn, have simply gone on before us, and are awaiting our coming in the blessed land!

O grant that we may feel in life courage and hope and blessed assurance. If there be any who desire to walk in the right way, O Lord, thou that hast

compassion upon the infirmities of men, and dost pity them, as a father pities his children, help them to fulfill every right impulse; to carry out every noble resolution; to leave off every easily-besetting sin; to repent of whatever is wrong, and take hold of whatever is right. If there be those who are beginning, but who attain slowly, and have reached so little that they are well-nigh discouraged, grant that they may not be overwhelmed by the greatness of the way, nor listen to despondency, nor take counsel of doubt or fear. May they believe that God is mightier than all adversaries, and put their trust in him, and go forward.

We pray that thou wilt be near to those who are laboring for thy cause, and on whom thy name rests, and in whom is thy Spirit. May thy husbandry in their hearts be more and more fruitful; more and more reap the abundance thereof. We beseech of thee that thou wilt give them faith, and hope, and courage, and gratitude, and self-devotion. And we pray that thou wilt put it into the hearts of thy people to do even greater things than we have done. May we be willing to labor diligently in the cause of the Master. It is good to serve thee—good while we are serving, good on the way, and, beyond all expression, good in the life that is to come.

And now, we pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon every one in thy presence as he needs. And take the measure not from, us but from thyself. Do exceedingly abundant more for us than we can ask or think. And grant that when this life shall be over, none of us may be afraid to die; none of us may die in gloom and darkness. May we have the light of thy countenance, and hear thy voice calling from the farther shore, and go down through the valley and across the Jordan, and into the promised land, and rejoice to be with the Lord.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son, and Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt bless the word of instruction, and grant that those who have listened to it may have listened as for their life. May their conscience, may their honor, may their sense of true manhood be aroused. We pray for nobler men and women. We pray for all those influences which shall inspire a nobler generation than that to which we belong. May thy truth have free course everywhere, inspiring men to the life that now is, and preparing them for the life that is to come. We ask it for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

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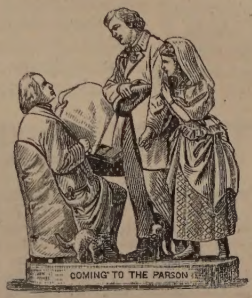

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